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 ORGAN FOR YOUNG  
 HOLINESS TO THE LORD.  
 LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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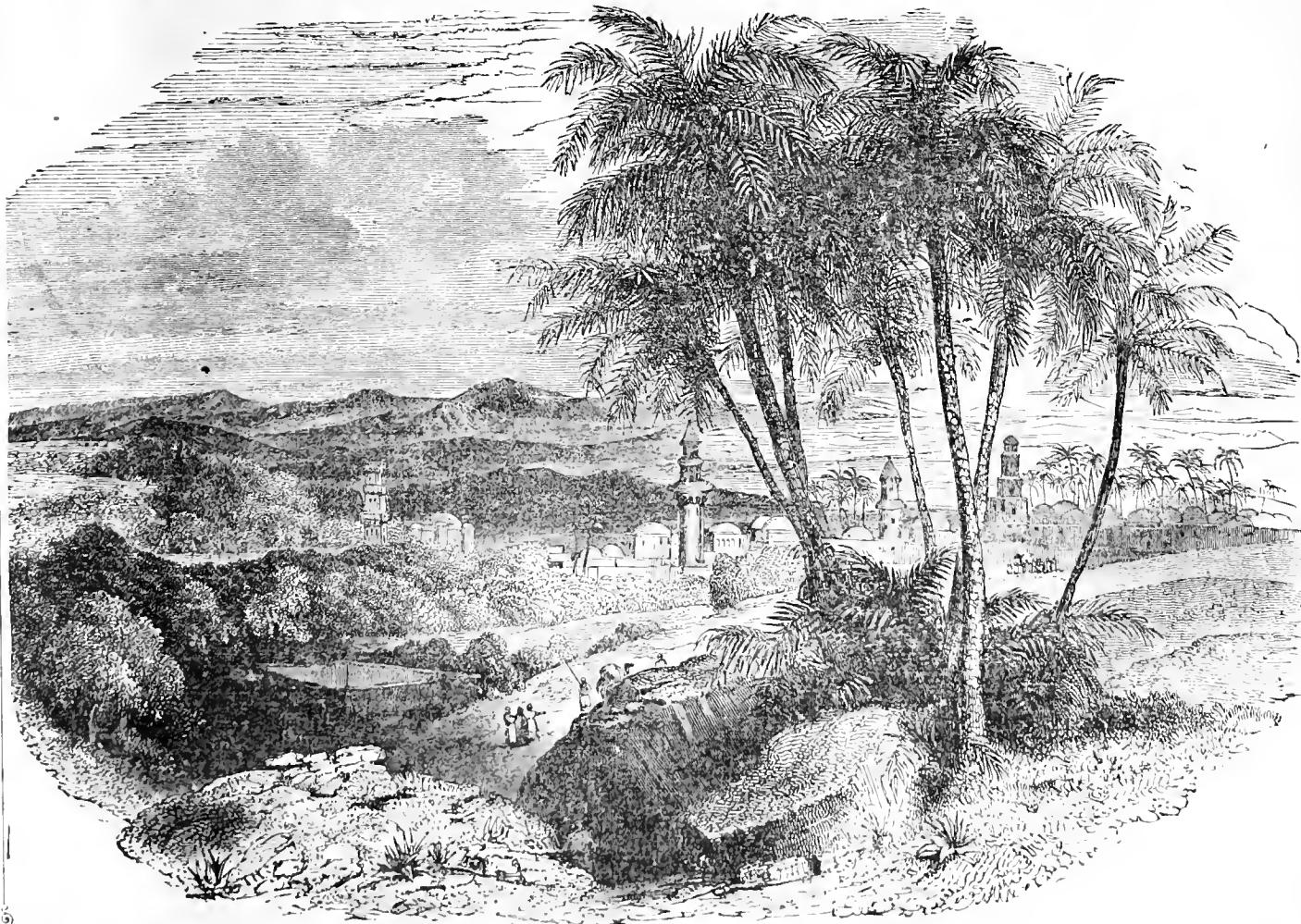
NO. 5.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

WE wish to take our readers in the vision of their minds to Calvary, on the dreadful day when all nature shook and trembled as the spirit of the Son of God passed from its earthly tabernacle into the unseen world. It is now evening, the sun is near the horizon, and the Jewish Sabbath day is at hand. And this Sabbath is one of unusual importance, in that it is also the Passover. The Jews have taken every care

to prevent the pollution of a day so holy. No sooner are the three victims, who are hanging on the crosses, assuredly dead, than their bodies must be moved. With regard to their burial, they have given no thought or care; that must depend on the kindness of friends, or be left to chance, as the manner in which they are hurried in malefactors' nameless graves.

Jesus is left to the last. One of His disciples, Joseph of



Arimathaea, a man of spotless life and of much wealth, had gone to beg his body. Through weakness of faith and for fear of the Jews, until now, he has not openly confessed his faith in Jesus as the Son of God; but grown bolder in the hour of tribulation he seeks an audience with Pilate, and requests that the body, still hanging on the accursed tree, be given to him for burial. His request is granted, for he is a man of influence. He quickly returns to the place of execution, and tenderly removes the wounded body from the cross and wraps it in a long piece of fine linen, while another secret disciple, also a master in Israel, Nicodemus by name, brings a magnificent gift of myrrh and perfumed aloë wood, and the two hastily prepare the body of the Redeemer for the sepulchre. He who has just died as a felon, is being buried like a king; the prophetic words of Isaiah are being fulfilled: "He made his grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death."

Joseph has beforetime purchased a piece of garden ground near Calvary, and has there hewn a sepulchre, that when he dies he may be buried near the holy city. Like other righteous Jews, he desires to lay his body near the sacred precincts of the temple. Now that his Savior is dead he resigns to Him the tomb he had designed for himself, and unto this rock-hewn grave wherein no dead body had yet been placed he conveys the corpse of the Lord. It is carefully laid in the place duly prepared, and a large stone is rolled in front of the cave, while some faithful women from Galilee sit by and sorrowfully watch for what the future may bring forth.

The scene thus pictured took place more than eighteen hundred years ago; but through it the name of Joseph of Arimathea has been handed down with feelings of respect and kindness from generation to generation with all who love the Lord. Of his personal life we know nothing, except of its purity and virtue. Mark calls him an honorable counselor, and it is generally supposed that he belonged to the Jewish Sanhedrin, but he did not countenance their crime when they sought the life of Jesus. It is also believed that when he obeyed the gospel the Priesthood of a Seventy was conferred upon him.

There is a pretty tradition connected with Joseph, but how true it is we have no means of telling. It is to the effect that the enraged Jews shut him in prison because he had shown such care and affection for the Savior's body; but that Jesus, because of this loving act, as soon as he was resurrected went without delay and delivered Joseph from his confinement.

Our picture represents the Arimathea of modern times, since the Moslem gained possession of the Holy Land. Arimathea is said to be the same place as Ramah, where Samuel dwelt. If so, it is five miles north of Jerusalem, on the borders of Ephraim and Benjamin. Luke calls it a city of the Jews. Nowhere else is it mentioned in the scriptures except in connection with the burial of the Redeemer by Joseph. It is now called Rameh.

G. R.

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I TAKE him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented. For there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can denote a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more. For the desire of more is want, and want is poverty.—*Hove.*

## JOTTINGS BY A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

BY STREBEN.

(Continued from page 59).

PARIS, containing nearly two million inhabitants at the present time, is supposed to have been founded previous to the time of Julius Cesar, inasmuch as a portion of it now called the Isle of La Cite was even in the time of the Romans inhabited by a tribe of semi-barbarians. After the Romans had gained possession of it, they made it their headquarters, from which time it grew rapidly and soon was recognized as the metropolis of Gaul.

It is useless for us to trace the growth of the city during the reign of the many kings and rulers of France, but suffice it to say that nearly every monarch seemed to have the desire to do something in the way of beautifying the city; but probably the person to whom the people are most indebted for Paris in its present grandeur, is Napoleon III., who removed every remnant of the old city, made new and beautiful thoroughfares, restored and enlarged almost every public building and place, constructed new bridges over the Seine River, which flows through the city, and did many other noble works which made the French metropolis the most attractive city in the world.

The time which followed these days of improvement is, however, one long to be remembered by the French people. September 4th, 1870, the revolution overwhelmed the country. During the time of this disaster, Paris had to sustain one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times, terminating in a terrible bombardment.

The city was destined to see still greater troubles. On March 18th, 1871, the Commune was proclaimed and the city had to endure a second siege; this time, however, from a French army. The Communists retained the supremacy during a period of seventy-three days, and the destruction of life and property, caused by these lawless individuals, forms a dark page in the history of the nation. The imperial army entered the city in triumph, and then, without any mercy, their opposers were seized wherever found and shot down in cold blood; even one little innocent boy, who playfully carried a Communist flag in the street, fell dead, pierced with bullets from the guns of the imperial soldiers. Such scenes as were enacted during this reign of terror in France, cannot be described in words, and even imagination fails to give a correct idea of the bloody times.

The French people feel that their beloved city, Paris, is now safe from the attacks of any enemy that may come against it. They also have good reasons for feeling secure, because the old fortifications around the city, which were considerably damaged in the last war, have been repaired and new forts have been erected at sufficient distance from the city to keep the artillery of any enemy from approaching near enough to throw bombs into the place. The fortifications of Paris, consisting of ninety-four different bastions, extend all around the city, a distance of some twenty-nine miles. They were erected in 1841, by M. Thiers, at a cost of one hundred and fifty million francs. The ramparts, averaging thirty-three feet in height, are encircled by a ditch eighteen feet deep and from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet broad. The entrances to the city are defended by sixteen detached forts. At the time of the last war, fifteen thousand coast guns were on these

fortifications; but notwithstanding all this, the city fell into the hands of the Germans.

The finest view of the city, as a whole, is to be had from the top of the Triumphal Arch of the Star, the finest and largest arch in the world. The beautiful panorama presented to the eye from this elevation baffles description. Eight broad, regular streets radiate from this structure in different directions, forming the star from which the name is derived. The houses extending in either direction almost as far as the eye can see, the many towers reaching far above the roofs of the buildings, and many other things combined, form a picture which is really grand. This arch, which is one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty seven feet broad and seventy-two feet thick, was commenced by Napoleon I., in 1806, and was completed in 1836. Through this place the Germans passed on entering the city in 1871.

The city of Paris, abounds in interesting sights, and as a brief description of a few of the most interesting that I visited may afford some interest, I proceed to give them:

The zoological gardens are well worthy of a visit, because nearly ever kinds of animals from different parts of the earth are here on exhibition. These gardens are not, however, as extensive, nor are the animals contained therein as numerous, as those of the zoological gardens in London and Berlin. This is owing to the fact that in the French and German war, and more especially at the time of the siege of Paris, the flesh of all these animals was sold for food, the latter article being so very scarce. The flesh of elephants, bears, camels, hippopotami, giraffes, lions and tigers, sold at five dollars (twenty-five franc) per pound, and even rats sold at forty and sixty cents each; everything that could be eaten was at that time greedily devoured.

The spot on which the famous French prison of the Bastille stood, is marked by a bronze column, one hundred and sixty-five feet high, crowned by a large emblematical figure of liberty, with a flaming torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other. This is called the July Column, it having been erected in July, 1830, to commemorate the death of five hundred and four soldiers, who were killed while fighting for the liberty of the mother country. The remains of these persons are deposited in vaults beneath this column, and their names are inscribed on the column itself. The prison which formerly stood on this spot, is noted in history as being the place where some of the most bloody deeds on record were committed.

Another noted column is that of the Vendome, which was built by Napoleon I., 1806-1810, to commemorate the success of the French armies in Germany. This column is an imitation of the pillar of Trajan, at Rome. It is one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and consists of four hundred and twenty-five plates, made out of one thousand two hundred cannons captured from the Russians and Austrians during a three months' campaign in 1805. These plates are covered with more than two thousand bas relief figures, three feet in height. The weight is one million eight hundred thousand pounds. It was partly destroyed by the Communists on April the 12th, 1871, but was shortly afterwards restored.

One of the principal attractions of Paris at the time I was there, was the Palace of Industry, which is a very large building, containing all the latest mechanical inventions from all parts of the world. The wonders of electricity interested me the most, and I was much surprised to see the progress which had been made in bringing this power into use. Miniature ships, railroad trains, etc., were propelled by electricity,

and I even had the pleasure of riding on the street car for a short distance that had this propelling power. It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate the many articles which are in this building on exhibition, but suffice it to say that it is really remarkable to see what the ingenuity of man has accomplished.

In my wanderings, I came to the world-renowned store of the Louvre, and, as the inspection of strangers is desired, I availed myself of the opportunity of seeing this immense business house in which almost any desired article can be purchased. An idea can probably be formed of the size and extensive business of this establishment, when it is known that two thousand six hundred persons are constantly employed in the same. The internal arrangements are such as to call forth the admiration of all business men; the clerks are obliging, kind, quick in their movements and can attend to the wants of a great number of persons at the same time, so that customers are not under the necessity of spending valuable time in waiting for a clerk.

I also visited the museum of the Louvre, which is an immense structure containing various objects of interest. On the first floor are many remains of ancient sculpture, as also an exhibition of the work of modern masters; and for one who is interested in the study of this art, I do not know where he could find anything more instructive. By ascending one flight of stairs we come into the rooms containing the paintings and drawings of the most renowned masters, both ancient and modern. The history of French wars can be read here in the pictures which are presented to the gaze, and the bloody battle scenes being intermixed with landscapes, pictures of home-life, etc., prepare a feast for the eyes of an admirer of painting. This was, for me, by far the most interesting part of the museum

*(To be Continued.)*

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

*(Continued from page 51).*

EARLY in the month of September, commenced the memorable house-burning in Hancock County. The successful prosecution of the building of the Temple and the rapid strides made in erecting the Nauvoo House, seemed to tempt the eupidity of the neighbors of the Saints. The anti-“Mormons” realizing also that the murderers of Joseph and Hyrum were acquitted, that the city charter of Nauvoo was repealed and the Saints, in a manner, placed outside the protection of the law, did not hesitate to commit any outrage. At Lima and Yelrome they set fire to buildings and stacks of grain and fired upon Brother Clark Hulet and the children of Brother Durfee.

When the news of the proceedings reached Nauvoo, the First Presidency sent to those places advising the people to offer their property for sale to the mob, remove the women and children to Nauvoo as quickly as possible, and for the men to remain there quietly and watch the movements of the mob. In a letter to the president of the Yelrome Branch, President Young stated that “The object of our enemies is to get opposition enough to raise popular excitement, but we think it best to let them burn up our homes, while we take care of our families and grain.” In accordance with his counsel the citizens of Yelrome proposed to the mob to sell them their

landed property and improvements, reserving only the crops, on which they were dependent for their bread, and take in payment cattle, wagons and such things as they could use in removing their families. But still the persecutions continued with the most diabolical persistency. Volunteers were called for in Nauvoo to go with their teams and assist in bringing in the families of the Saints from the isolated settlements where the mobbing was most violent, to that place; in response to which, one hundred and thirty-five teams were sent forthwith.

During this time, J. B. Backenstos, Esq., sheriff of the County, who on more than one occasion had proved himself a friend of the Saints, and disposed to maintain the peace, was doing all he could to quell the inclination to mob, which had become so prevalent. He even went to Warsaw and tried to raise a posse to stop the burning, but was unable to get a single man to assist him.

About this time, Bishop George Miller was arrested at Carthage on a charge of treason. An officer, with writs against President Young and the Twelve also, visited Nauvoo. The charges were for aiding and abetting Joseph Smith in treasonable designs against the State, for being officers in the Nauvoo Legion, for building an arsenal, for keeping cannon in times of peace, for holding a private council in Nauvoo and for holding correspondence with the Indians. He, however, left without making any arrest.

Sheriff Backenstos wrote to President Young from Carthage on the 15th, advising him to organize two thousand well armed men, and hold them in readiness for immediate service when he might call upon them; and stated that he could not reasonably expect support from those citizens called "Jack Mormons." The term "Jack Mormons" was in those days applied to persons who did not belong to the Church but were friendly to its members.

The course of President Young had been to suppress excitement among the people, that they might not be led to commit acts of aggression, for he wished the world at large to see who the real aggressors were. He was willing, for the sake of preserving peace, and as a means of gaining security and order for the time being, to agree with the mob to leave the State in the spring. At the same time, the Saints had observed the law, magnified the Constitution and done more towards developing the resources of the State than any or all the rest of its inhabitants.

Notwithstanding the perilous condition of the Saints and the continued depredations of their enemies in the adjoining districts, in Nauvoo the people continued their labors upon the temple, determined to rear it at all hazards. The steeple and tower were completed by this time and preparations were being made to hold the October Conference in it. Indeed, so great was the anxiety to complete it that it was decided that all the carpenters who could be obtained should be put to work at it immediately, while others should gather the harvest and attend to other labors.

The persecutions of the mob were not confined to the members of the Church; they were also felt by those who were favorable to them, and who wished them to have their rights. Sheriff Backenstos, previously mentioned as being friendly to the Saints, rode into Nauvoo on the 16th of September, in great haste and appeared much excited. On the previous day, he had been driven by the mob from his home in Carthage; from which place he had gone to Warsaw, and sought refuge for the night. There he learned that the mobbers were very much enraged at him for trying to stop the burning of property, and they were determined to take his

life if possible, and, in fact, that they had planned to waylay and kill him on his way to Nauvoo. On starting the next morning, he got a man to accompany him a portion of the way. Soon after they parted company, he (the sheriff) saw a party of the mob pursuing him on horseback, and though he drove his horse as fast as he could, he riding in a buggy, they gained upon him in the chase, and one of them who rode the swiftest horse, would likely have overtaken him had his horse not fallen and thrown him. The mob now took a cut-off to intercept him, and gained on him so rapidly that they were within two hundred yards of the sheriff when he came up with O. Porter Rockwell and John Redden, who were engaged in removing sick families into Nauvoo from the burut district. They, seeing the sheriff coming down the hill towards them at such a frightful speed, called to him and asked what was the matter. He told them he was pursued by the mob, and commanded them in the name of the State to protect him. They replied they would do so, as they were well armed. The sheriff, encouraged by this, turned to the approaching mob and commanded them to stop, but as they paid no attention to the order, and continued to advance, apparently reckless and blood-thirsty, and raising their guns to fire at him, he ordered O. Porter Rockwell to fire. Aiming at the clasp of the belt on the foremost man, the latter fired and simultaneously with the report of the gun the man fell from his horse. His comrades then stopped and cared for him, leaving the sheriff to proceed on his way.

(To be Continued.)

## D A N I E L.

BY R. C.

(Continued from page 55.)

DANIEL said to the king, Nebuchadnezzar, "Thou art that head of 'gold'—Babylon was the first and greatest of the kingdoms. He is called a king of kings. The breast of silver which should succeed the Babylonish empire is represented by that of the Medes and Persians, the two nations answering to the arms and shoulders of the image, and bound in one. Theodoretus writes of Cyrus, that wherever he marched through the earth, it was impossible for the nations to escape him. Two hundred years this Medo-Persian empire stood.

The third kingdom, represented by the abdomen and thighs of brass, known in history as the Grecian and Macedonian empire of Alexander the Great, in whom the spirit of conquest reigned and wrought with amazing power. It was a little more than three hundred years before Christ that he conquered the Medo-Persians and took possession of Babylon. It was Alexander who is said to have sat down and wept because there were no other nations to conquer.

The fourth kingdom, strong as iron, signified by the legs, was represented by the eastern and western divisions of Rome. It did bruise and break; it crushed and conquered nations. It was under its despotic rule the Son of God was crucified. Jerusalem was destroyed, and the death scenes of martyred apostles were brought within the scope of its accursed tyranny. It had trodden down all nations. To plunder, rob, imprison, torture, murder and destroy were among the mightiest of its achievements.

Then comes iron mingled with clay, forming the feet and toes. There is not a government now on the earth, but what is made up of this compounded pottery, showing the weakness of the present forms of government at this particular juncture of time. It is now a thousand years since the old imperial form of the Roman government broke up and became divided up into the petty kingdoms, which are still under the government and influence of some of the old Roman laws. "And in the days of these kings" (or kingdoms) "shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed," etc. It is a government, a tangible sovereignty, possessing power and dominion over the earth—an outward, not a spiritual kingdom as many believe. It is as much a kingdom as that of Babylon, Persia, Greece or Rome—a kingdom which the God of heaven sets up, not by any human wisdom, but brought forth by superhuman power. The stone is to smite the image and break it to pieces, and it is to become as the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and in a short time it, this stone or kingdom, is to fill the whole earth and stand for ever, and of its glory and peace there shall be no end.

This kingdom, my young friends, is now organized by the God of heaven, and you who have been baptized into it, have become the subjects of that kingdom; and as long as you are faithful to its laws and its authority, you will witness that this stone will roll on, and nothing will be able to impede its growth and future greatness. It will arise and shine, and its power and glory, and the greatness of this kingdom shall be given to the Saints of the most high God. And truth shall triumph, wickedness be swept from the earth, and peace and righteousness reign with universal sway.

The king had another startling dream. He saw a tree in the midst of the earth, the height of which was very great. It grew and became strong and reached up to heaven, and the sight to the end of the earth. The leaves were fair, and the fruit plentiful, and it was meat for all. The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwelt in the boughs. He saw a watcher and an holy one come down from heaven, who said: "Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches; nevertheless leave the stump of his roots, even with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven, and let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth; let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him, and let seven times pass over him. This matter is by the decree of the watchers, and the demand by the word of the holy ones: to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

It appears that the king again sent for the soothsayers and wise men, and told the dream to them, but they did not make known the interpretation. At last, Daniel came in before him, and was told the dream. Daniel hesitated "for one hour, and his thoughts troubled him." But the king told him not to be troubled, but to give the interpretation without fear or alarm, and he did so.

Space will only permit a glance at its fulfillment. A period of twelve months was given the king to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, as Daniel had previously forewarned him.

While he walked in the palace of his kingdom, the king spake, and said: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have

built for the house of my kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Then fell a voice from heaven saying: "The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar. He was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hair even grew like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws.

At the end of the days, his understanding and reason returned to him, and he blessed and praised the Most High. And his power and brightness returned unto him and his counselors and lords sought unto him.

You can perceive, my young friends, that one slight touch from the hand of God made all Nebuchadnezzar's greatness as nothing.

I will now come to another epoch which is full of interest in the history of Daniel, and introduce another personage in Babylonian affairs, one Belshazzar, supposed to be the husband of one of Nebuchadnezzar's daughters. Nebuchadnezzar died about five hundred and sixty-two years before Christ, after a reign of about forty years. His son, Merodach, took the throne. He reigned but two years and was murdered, and was supplanted by his brother-in-law, Neriglessor, who reigned four years. After him, his son, a boy, was made king, and held that position only nine months, when Nabonnedus killed him, who, with his son Belshazzar as regent, took the throne. His father was taken prisoner by Cyrus. Belshazzar was left in charge of the affairs at Babylon. He was a young, dissolute and unworthy prince.

We read that Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords. Cyrus had received intelligence that a grand, royal banquet was to be held in Babylon, and that the night would be spent in revelling and drunkenness. He had laid siege to the place on all sides. The holy vessels consecrated to the Lord, and brought from Jerusalem, were commanded to be brought to the feast that the king and his nobles might drink from them. And they drank the wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace." The king saw the part of the hand that wrote, and the characters that were written, but he could not read the letters nor tell their meaning. The king's countenance was changed and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The queen mother was in the palace. She had taken no part in the banquet. She knew what her father, Nebuchadnezzar, had experienced in his lifetime. And so Belshazzar betakes himself to the queen mother. She knew of one who could read the writing for him, therefore she said: "Let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation." It was not many minutes until Daniel stood before the alarmed king. Belshazzar pointed to the frowning letters on the wall, and promised a great reward if Daniel would read and interpret what was written.

(To be Continued.)

## Correspondence.

"LACATOUÉ," PIMA,  
MARICOPA CO., ARIZONA,  
January, 17, 1882.

*Elder George C. Lambert.*

DEAR BROTHER:—We reached this place last evening, from Mesa City, on a missionary tour as far as San Pedro and the Upper Gila. On our arrival here, we were very kindly received by Mr. Wheeler, the agent at this place, who also invited us to visit the school room of the agency, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Cook, a missionary, who has been teaching and laboring among the Pima Indians for several years. He speaks the language fluently. About sixty scholars (native) were present, of various ages, who were taught, by lecture and repetition in English, the ten commandments, also a short discourse, the teacher illustrating his ideas by an apple which he held, speaking freely in the native tongue. After this, he played on the organ, all the school joining in the hymn and song. Several of the youth are so far advanced as to play on the organ, read music, speak and write fair English, and we had the privilege of reading letters sent by students from a school in Virginia, where the more advanced scholars are sent to complete their education.

During the evening, Mrs. Wheeler, who is an interested worker for the natives, got together quite a company of the girls, who sang their native songs. Two of the girls, with smiling faces and brilliant eyes, danced to the song, keeping the most perfect time. They are as inspirational as the Scotch, or Welsh, and display qualities which indicate a high sense of honor and honesty.

We were informed that no instance of quarreling, striking, or accusing one another occurs among the pupils of the school, but an interested, accommodating spirit of kindness prevails among them. These schools and instructions, so kindly furnished by the Interior Department of the Government, will, in a few years, prepare many of the children of Lamam and Nephi to take in hand the record of their forefathers—the Book of Mormon, and learn of the fullness of the gospel and their high origin and destiny. We have never met natives who were more kind or more appreciative of kindness shown them. When they form an attachment towards any of us, they manifest it by bringing presents of such things as they grow or obtain in the hunt, melons, beans, mescal, etc.; and if their friend is sick, they will procure herbs or anything they feel will do him good. In turn we never allow them to go away without giving them a token of our regard. Thus, we cultivate their friend-ship and have their confidence.

There is a feeling with them that we are truly their friends, and they seek to us for counsel, or aid when in trouble. In some instances, we have never witnessed greater faith than is manifested among them in the ordinance of anointing with oil and laying on of hands of the Elders. In two cases, where the young men were in advanced stages of consumption, they recovered, and when we afterwards met them, they beat upon their breasts to show how strong they had grown, and their general appearance showed improved health.

I commenced this letter as headed, but mail it at Smithville, on the Gila, in Graham County. Our people have a fine country in this portion of Gila Valley. Seventy families have gathered in, and are making homes and farms.

We go from here to Fort Bowie, thence to Sulphur Spring Valley, where Elder William N. Fife is located, going by way of Tombstone to St. David, over the San Pedro; then from Benson by rail to Casa Grande and back to the Pima Agency. There we will again visit Mr. Wheeler, and have the pleasure of seeing the Pima children in their classroom, sedately engaged in their studies, receiving their salutations and smiling good byes

as we part with them to return to our pleasant homes on the Mesa, twenty-three miles distant from that point.

This is a land of beautiful climate, and sunshine and magnificent distances, especially for an Elder who is engaged in missionary labor. Your Brother in the gospel,

A. F. M.

## A NAUTICAL ADVENTURE.

BY E. P.

THE time for our semi annual conference having nearly arrived, the Elders began to gather from the different islands where they had been laboring, making their way as best they could to the small Island of Lanai, where the conference was to convene.

The Island of Lanai is about ten miles wide by fifteen miles long. It has but few inhabitants, owing to its arid and unproductive character, but was thought good enough for a temporary gathering place for the native Saints.

The laws of the Hawaiian government would not allow the people to emigrate except in individual cases with especial permits.

Elder C. and myself, having met at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, determined to cross over to Lanai together, it being ten miles straight across the channel from one island to the other, about fifteen miles to where we were to land.

The vessel in which we were to make the voyage was a common whale boat, such as are carried on the decks of whaling ships for pursuing and capturing whales. Pictures of such boats are to be seen in some of our school books; one I remember appeared as having been thrown into the air by the tail of one of those sea monsters, and, coming down bottom upwards, the sailors were thrown into the water.

In this small, open boat were sixteen persons, all natives except Elder C., myself and an old gentleman, a sea captain, whose name I did not learn.

This gentleman had some boxes of merchandise for traffic with the natives. There were also quite a quantity of watermelons, some belonging to the captain and some of the natives, who, by the by, were mostly members to our Church. The boat and another one were owned by our mission.

When about half way across the channel, and consequently five miles from each island, we were struck by a squall of wind, which threatened to be disastrous to our voyage.

Although this western ocean is called the "Pacific," and not considered as boisterous as the "Atlantic," it can sometimes get up quite a commotion, and toss a huge ship about apparently at the mercy of the winds and the waves, as a sportive toy or thing of naught. I have been informed by sailors that the Atlantic is much the deeper ocean, and consequently the swells are much larger, and because the Pacific lacks depth the waves are smaller, but rougher and equally dangerous.

As to the truth of this, I will not pretend to say; but I am quite sure the Pacific has sufficient depth to engulf a ship and its contents so that it would never be seen again by mortal eye; and that it can be rough at times I have had the very best of evidence.

We were supplied with a small mast and a sail attached, which enabled us to take advantage of any favorable breeze, in the absence of which oars were used.

The boat, being heavily laden, became somewhat unmanageable. The waves rolled, the wind whistled, the sail flapped and fluttered, and the water rushed into the boat from both sides as we rose upon each succeeding wave. The natives who managed the boat appeared at first to be paralyzed with fear; so sudden had the gale come upon us that all seemed to be stupefied, and, instead of doing what was necessary in this emergency, stood with blank countenances and asked us if we had not better pray. I replied, "There is a time to pray and there is a time to work, and if you do not want to go to the bottom you had better go to work, and bale out the water." The water was fast filling the boat, and I told them to throw overboard the melons, and a large rock they used for an anchor, so as to lighten the bow, furl the sail and try to keep the boat before the wind.

When the natives discovered that we were not very much alarmed they soon recovered from their scare and wanted permission to eat the melons instead of throwing them into the ocean; and besides, they objected to casting their melons overboard, alleging as a reason that the seed from which they were grown had come from Zion.

The natives are universally noted for being wonderful swimmers, and I presume they were not so anxious for their own lives as they were for ours. At any rate, when they found that we were not excited they were more unconcerned.

The captain was very much excited, and insisted that the melons and everything else of little or no value should be thrown overboard, and the boat kept off the land, as there was, he said, very rough water near the Lanai shore.

I told the natives to throw over the captain's melons, which they did.

They would continually let the boat run around towards the land, regardless of the captain's remonstrances, who feared rough water, or that the boat would be swamped in the trough of the sea unless kept before the wind.

Although we were, to all earthly appearance, in the very jaws of death, being made the sport of the wind and the waves, and liable at any moment to be capsized or overwhelmed by some monster wave, yet we did not feel much anxiety as to the outcome.

As for myself, I never had the least idea at that or any other time while on that mission, that I would be swallowed up in the depths of the sea, or lose my life in any other way.

I was not generally considered of a very sanguine temperament, neither did I pride myself particularly on my great faith, and yet in those days I was in possession of a satisfying assurance that there was a labor for me to perform on the earth, not only as to the mission in which I was immediately engaged, but a labor to be performed in connection with the ordinances of the gospel for my father's house, I being the only direct heir. There seemed to be a certainty in my mind that I was destined to live and accomplish certain things, a portion of which have since been accomplished, as no doubt the rest will be if it is the Lord's will.

As we were being tossed upon the billows I continued to measure the distance to land, calculating as we gradually drew nearer and nearer the possibilities of our being able to swim to shore, until suddenly we ran into comparatively still water which seemed very remarkable, for upon looking back a few rods the huge waves which were surging and lashing each other appeared as a bank of hills skirting a level plain. We were now in still water with a gentle breeze that wafted us along nicely and comfortably to our destined landing.

As we stepped upon the land, the captain exclaimed, "I would not have given ten dollars for our chance of escape."

I replied that I would not have taken one hundred dollars for my chance.

After we were safely on land, however, I felt to thank the Lord for His preserving care over us, as I was well aware that we had been in a perilous situation.

This experience only served to confirm me in my previous belief of the propriety of doing everything in its proper time and place. We should do our praying in the proper time for prayer, and let our lives be such at all times that we will not feel the necessity for a spasmodic reformation in a time of unusual difficulty or danger. We should perform our duties as the children of our Heavenly Father under all circumstances and not feel to make any unusual demonstrations. Then, having a confidence of being prepared for any and all of God's providences towards us, we can feel confident and trust all to Him, realizing that He will do all for the best. Not being fearful that we are about to be destroyed or punished for our sins, we can feel that whatever may happen to us will be all right and ordered for some good purpose.

It is a very unenviable position for one to be placed in when danger threatens, to think it is for some dereliction of duty or a chastisement for sins committed.

The spirit spoken of by Joel the Prophet, which should be poured out upon the people in the latter days, the spirit that was given to Joseph the Prophet of the latter days, in a greater or less degree has been shed abroad among the people of the Saints. A fore-knowledge of coming events is given unto many. How often we hear the testimony of both brethren and sisters in this Church that they have been warned by dreams and visions and sometimes by the secret whisperings of the Holy Spirit of dangers that were before them, and in consequence of these premonitions of evil they have been able to pursue another course from what they intended, and then escape the impending danger.

These things strengthen our faith to that degree that when we are brought face to face with danger and difficulties, to the natural man apparently insurmountable, we are able to overcome them and claim the blessing of God, and call forth the manifestations of His power in our behalf.

It is almost the universal testimony of the Elders of this Church that whenever they are brought into perilous situations while in the discharge of their duties in preaching the Gospel, or as missionaries in any particular sphere of action, the blessings promised are realized upon their heads: and when destruction appears imminent they have no fear and are almost invariably under these circumstances enabled to escape unhurt, proving beyond the possibility of question or doubt that the Lord makes good His promises to His servants.

There are instances on record it is true where the Lord has suffered Holy men to be slain by the wicked and ungodly for the accomplishment of some especial purpose, but there are thousands of instances of His power having been made manifest in preserving His servants from threatened danger and apparent destruction, not only in ancient times but in the age in which we live, when the Gospel has been again delivered to men on the earth.

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A NEAT, clean, fresh, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceful and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1882.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



**N** view of the efforts that are now being made at Washington to enact special and proscriptive laws for depriving the Latter-day Saints of their inherent and Constitutional rights, memorials have recently been sent to Congress by the men, women and youth of both sexes, respectively, of our Territory, praying for a commission to be appointed to investigate the libelous and malicious charges made against the Saints, before any other action be taken by Congress. Upwards of 50,000 signatures were attached to these several memorials. The following is that from the men:

**W**hereas, It is the undisputed right of every person enjoying the blessings of a free government and living under the protection of the American flag, to petition the government which exists by the will of the people; and,

**W**hereas, We, as citizens of the Territory of Utah, have been bitterly maligned by those whose reputations are such as will not bear inspection; and by others who, ignorant of the facts relative to Utah, have been fired to clamor for unreasonable and unconstitutional measures against our peace and liberty, to deprive us of the rights we now enjoy under the benign influences of the Constitution; and,

**W**hereas, In response to this unhallowed demand, Congress is now pressing special legislation against the inhabitants of this Territory—legislation which would paralyze the general business of the Territory—legislation which, *already*, is showing its effect in decreasing the value of real estate; which drives capital away; which will ruin the mining, industrial and manufacturing interests of the entire Territory, and must ultimately result in financial wreck to all classes of citizens.

**W**herefore, We, as citizens of the United States, loyal to the flag for whose purity and justice our fathers fought and suffered, do ask that Congress pause before adopting measures which must result in such serious injury to one of the most thriving sections of the Union, and bring lasting disgrace upon a great and mighty nation. We do deny each and all of the charges made against us as a people. That we are not law-abiding is untrue; that we are the enemies of good government is a deliberate falsehood; that we are striving to gain ascendancy and dominion at the expense of our country's sacred Constitution, is a charge without the shadow of truth.

The facts are that the present prosperity of the Territory is without a parallel in all the years of its existence; that there has never been a period of better order or of better government; that, while our population and industries and wealth are of remarkably rapid growth, crime and the vices which commonly follow in the wake of so-called civilization are tardy and come only when forced upon us by that civilization; and life and property are as absolutely and undeniably safe as in any place on the face of the earth, which is attested by the fact, that those who are most industrious in maligning us, have resided and do reside here, and some of them are the owners of property, which, were the charges against us true, they would soon dispose of; that the whole trouble arises from the bare-faced falsehoods of irresponsible persons who have not principle enough to live in peace, nor thrift enough to ensure that industry which would bring prosperity and position. The object of these calumnies is the

robbery of the vast majority of the people of Utah of their rights as citizens, and the design of unprincipled men in clamoring for a commission to control the affairs of government here is, that by this means, they themselves—men without moral character, some of whom are reputed defrauders of government—may secure the government of the Territory, the result of which would be, the persecution and robbery of the inhabitants of Utah, the utter ruin of her bright prospects, and ultimate anarchy and slavery, under the plea of suppressing polygamy.

Whatever of polygamy exists among the "Mormons," rests solely upon their religious convictions. It is unsupported by any Territorial legislative enactment, and its practice already exposes them to the penalties of Congressional law. And it is better to leave it to the legitimate operations of that law, and the moral influences at work, than to attempt to extirpate it by radical, oppressive or revolutionary measures.

We would most respectfully represent to your honorable body, that we cannot but consider it unjust for us to be fraudulently robbed of our franchise, by a governor, the appointee of the government of the United States, and then, without our rightful representation, while illegally and unconstitutionally disfranchised, for special legislation to be enacted against us, based on falsehood; and we do most solemnly protest against such action, as being at variance with the spirit and genius of republican institutions, contrary to the provisions made in the Organic Act for this Territory, and in violation of the principles of human liberty and the Constitution of the United States.

Therefore, your petitioners, by their conceded right, do petition and demand of Congress, before any further action of a hasty character shall be taken—such as is proposed—and before a similar error is committed to that of a former administration, which, listening to the voice of calumny, first sent an army to Utah to punish offenses, and afterwards sent commissioners to ascertain whether or not such offenses had been committed; that a commission of honorable and upright men be sent to Utah to make a careful investigation of affairs here, confident that in the issue, justice will prevail, and as confident that our maligners will oppose this, as they have opposed all other fair measures.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

The women of Utah sent the following:

We, the women of Utah, view with deepest regret the bills that have been presented in Congress during the present session, asking for special legislation for our Territory; which if carried into effect will destroy the peace, tranquility and prosperity which have heretofore characterized our dearly loved homes. We were driven to these mountain vales by the cruel hand of persecution; while on our journey as outcasts and exiles, our sons, husbands and fathers were called upon by the nation to battle for American rule in this country, then a portion of Mexico, and after struggling through privation and hardship such as men, women and children have seldom endured, your petitioners, many of them descendants of the Pilgrims of New England, with their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, found a barren desert, inhabited only by savage Indians and wild beasts; here we have labored with the courage and endurance born only of religious faith, in helping to establish homes for ourselves and our children, and have made it easy for those coming at a later period, who found these valleys blooming with beauty, and teeming with plenty, to enjoy all the blessings which pertain to life and happiness.

And we most respectfully represent to your honorable body, that the bills aforesaid, now pending in the Congress of the United States, are further calculated to destroy our birthright of liberty, the glorious heritage bequeathed by our noble ancestors.

And furthermore, we are well aware, that the present excitement in the nation is the result of ignorance and misrepresentation, and that the aim of our enemies is to rob us of our hard-earned homes and to plunder the public treasury. These schemes have been concocted by sectarian priests and political demagogues, and by women who are the tools of wicked and designing men, both men and women unscrupulous in their enmity, and mendacious.

cious in their statements, although they have homes and houses of worship in Utah Territory, comprising nearly all religious denominations, and are protected in all their rights as citizens, and as religious worshipers, without the least intrusion or molestation, and who, instead of reforming the morals of the community, as they perfidiously pretend, have assisted in introducing and sustaining in our midst, the most demoralizing institutions known in the world.

And moreover, we, your petitioners, hereby testify that we are happy in our homes, and satisfied with our marriage relations, and desire no change. We are not the "oppressed and down-trodden women" we are represented to be, but enjoy more rights and freedom than women elsewhere in the nation, and we do know that our institutions are of such a nature as tends to purity of morals and elevation of character. And we most solemnly aver, before God and man, that our marital relations are most sacred, that they are divine, enjoining obligations and ties that pertain to time and reach into eternity. Were it not for the sacred and religious character of the institution of plural marriage, we should never have entered upon the practice of a principle which is contrary to our early teachings, and in consequence of which our names are cast out as evil by the Christian world.

Therefore we most respectfully appeal to your honorable body to forbear hasty and reckless action in regard to so important a matter as the political disorganization of the most prosperous and flourishing Territory of which the nation can boast; and, before proceeding to radical changes, to do yourselves the justice to investigate, by a commission of honest and intelligent men and women, the true condition of the "Mormon" people of Utah Territory.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

The memorial sent by the young men reads as follows:

Your petitioners, the young men of the Territory of Utah, respectfully represent: That our present interests and future prospects in life are dependent upon the undisturbed peace and prosperity of our Territory.

That we are the sons of parents who have braved the dangers, and overcome the difficulties incident to pioneering and settling a new, sterile and forbidding country; who have made human habitation in the valleys of the great Rocky Mountain basin a possibility; who have labored with untiring industry under many hardships to create homes for their families, in which we have been nurtured and cared for; who have denied themselves many comforts to educate and train their children in useful arts and industries; who have ever thrown around our paths in life the benign influences of home—there are no homeless children in Utah—of religion, of industry, of honor, of patriotism and the broadest and kindest expressions of humanity; who have shielded us from the groveling forms of vice, that tempt and allure to destruction the unprotected and disowned, who, without name or home, lie in the streets of the great cities and upon the highways of the outside world, a reproach to civilization and mankind.

Under the protection, wise legislation and human administration of our fathers, our Territory enjoys the blessings of peace and abundance, and we have been started upon the high road of prosperity and success with bodies untainted by disease, with hearts in which faith and the consciousness of divine approval dwell, with minds open to conviction to truth and untrammeled by dogmas or superstitions that clog progressive thought and fill the soul with fear. We love and honor our parents, who have thus provided in our childhood for our welfare in active life.

Now, therefore, in duty to them and ourselves, having the continued peace and prosperity of our Territory at heart, and valuing liberty and the rights of conscience above life, we, the young men of Utah, earnestly remonstrate against the calumnies and misrepresentations of unprincipled men, who would have the world believe that we are curtailed in the enjoyment of American freedom and fettered in chains forged by priestly fanatics.

We deny that undue influence is exercised by any authority over our thoughts or actions.

We deny that duty to our religion and to our country leads us in opposite directions, or that it can possibly do so while the charter of American liberty remains the supreme law.

We deny that the religious institution of plural marriage, as practiced by our parents, and to which many of us owe our existence, debases, pollutes, or in any way degrades those who enter into it. On the contrary, we solemnly affirm, and challenge successful contradiction, that plural marriage is a sacred religious ordinance and that its practice has given to thousands honorable names and peaceful homes, where Christian precepts and virtuous practices have been uniformly inculcated and the spirit of human liberty and religious freedom fostered from the cradle to maturity.

In consideration of these facts, and in the name of justice we hereby solemnly memorialize your honorable body to: refrain from enacting laws that reflect upon the marital relations of our parents, and that, however specific the provisions to the contrary, stigmatize us in the opinion of the world; to refrain from enacting laws that will enslave a large proportion of the citizens of our Territory, that will gall and fret the spirit of liberty which we inherit and are bound to entertain, and that will take from us, for no offense, the privileges and blessings of local free government, so necessary to the happiness and well-being of an American community.

We ask you to secure to us the rights, the liberties and the blessings of freemen, and to pause before foisting upon us an unrepentant government, placing strangers, by appointment, to rule over us, and sacrificing the interests, the feelings, the happiness and the freedom of the great majority of the citizens of our Territory to the greed and cupidity of a reckless minority; and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

The following is the young ladies' memorial:

Whereas, Certain bills are now pending before your honorable body, which, if passed, will break up happy homes and families and produce untold misery, sorrow and suffering; will deprive us of the kind fostering care of honorable, upright God-fearing fathers, and drive forth our precious, loving mothers as outcasts; as those who have no right to the honored name of wife, and also cast opprobrium upon many of us as illegitimate; and,

Whereas, The passage of such bills would deprive our fathers, mothers and brothers (and ourselves, when properly qualified) of the right of franchise, and, in fact, of all the rights of American citizens, barring us of the free exercise of our holy religion, which is dearer to us than life itself; and would be contrary to the spirit of the glorious constitution of our country, which we have ever been taught to revere as an inspiration from Almighty God; for we have been taught, and conscientiously believe that plural marriage is as much a part of our religion, as are faith, repentance and baptism; and,

Whereas, In our opinion, the cause of the introduction of such bills has been the false representations of evil-disposed persons, who assert that we are low, ignorant, degraded and disloyal; and, feeling assured that, had your honorable body been truthfully advised in regard to the people of this Territory, such bills would never have obtained a hearing in the Congress of this mighty nation:

Now, therefore, we, the young ladies of Utah Territory, do most solemnly and truthfully declare that neither we nor our mothers are held in bondage, but that we enjoy the greatest possible freedom, socially and religiously; that our homes, are happy ones, and we are neither low nor degraded; for the principles of purity, virtue, integrity and loyalty to the government of the United States have been instilled into our minds and hearts since our earliest childhood.

According to what we read, and can learn from other sources, in no place in the world is female chastity and virtue guarded with more jealous care than by our people; for we have been taught and do understand that this is our greatest boon; far above jewels or wealth, and more precious than life itself; and we therefore most respectfully memorialize your honorable body to suspend further action on all bills relating to Utah, and send a commission of honorable, intelligent, and unprejudiced men and women to inquire into, and learn the true state of affairs in this Territory;

And, as in duty bound, your memorialists will ever pray.

## A TRUE FRIEND.

BY H. G. BOYLE.

WHEN the billows of persecution and mobocracy had swept through those portions of Illinois where the Latter day Saints were located and it became necessary for our people to sacrifice their lands and homes and flee before their enemies into the wilderness, and when the Pioneers and the leading camps had reached the Missouri River, a call or requisition was made by the government for five hundred volunteers from the "Mormon" camps to enlist as soldiers to serve in the Mexican war. In response to this call, President Young advised all the young and able-bodied men to hold themselves in readiness to enlist. In order to comply with this request, I secured board and lodging at Colonel Sarpy's, on the east side of the Missouri River, at Council Point, as Bishop George Miller's camp (with which I had traveled from Nauvoo) had crossed the river and moved on westward.

On the 7th of July, 1846, while I was waiting at Colonel Sarpy's for the Battalion to be organized and mustered into service, a stranger, Colonel ——, arrived at the Point and obtained board and lodging at the same place. After gaining an introduction to me, he soon entered into an animated conversation relative to our people, their history, religion, etc. I found him to be a very pleasant and affable gentleman, and easy and fluent in conversation. However, at first, I was a little cautious in my replies to some of his questions, as the Colonel was a government official, and it occurred to me that he might be "spying out our liberties." This he soon noticed, and produced a letter of recommendation from Brother J. C. Little, saying at the same time that Brother Little was the first "Mormon" he had met with and that I was the second. It was but a short time until I fully understood his spirit and motives. I soon found that his sympathies and good feelings were all in our favor.

From this time on, I was greatly inspired in all my conversation with him. I enjoyed much light and liberty in teaching to him the first principles of the gospel. He seemed to comprehend readily and to receive the truths that were taught, and to take great interest in the same. During the two or three weeks we spent together, he often expressed his wonder and surprise that an obscure and unassuming, beardless boy could impart such a vast amount of light and truth, and point out Bible proofs for all, which he, who had been brought up in the great city of Philadelphia, with all the advantages which wealth, education and position could afford, had failed to discover. He acknowledged, too, that he had learned more about the great truths of the Bible in a few days while with me than in all his life before from the most learned divines of the day.

Our traveling camps had begun to locate for a rest and to recruit their teams, etc. One of these camps (Bishop Miller's, as before mentioned) had crossed the river and encamped at the "Cold Springs," four miles west, while many were stationed in the timber on the Missouri River bottoms, on the eastern shore. The greatest bulk of our camps, though, were located ten or twelve miles east of the river out on the bluffs. While we were thus situated, the Colonel would often propose visits to some of these camps on the bottom, and during these visits I introduced him to many of our people. He seemed to take in, and understand our situation, our motives and aspirations. He appreciated and

praised our heroic resignation to the inevitable, and our determination to meet and overcome every obstacle and to bear uncomplainingly every trial. He noticed our simple trust in God, and our noble resolve to be happy amid the severest hardships and privations.

The Colonel often proposed a moonlight stroll through the woods. And during these walks, he delighted to converse about our people—what they had done, and were enduring, their high aim, and their uncompromising determination to succeed. During one of these rambles, we heard one of our men praying in secret in the skirt of the woods in the rear of one of our camps. Although we were not near enough to distinguish words or sentences, it seemed to affect the Colonel deeply, and as we walked away he observed that our people were a praying people, and that was evidence enough to him that we were sincere and honest in our faith.

Not long after this, when taking another walk, following a narrow path through a thicket of undergrowth, we came suddenly within a few feet of a man who had just commenced to pray. As we wore on our feet Indian moccasins, we made no perceptible noise, and the man evidently thought himself alone and praying in secret. At the time, I was in the path just in the rear of the Colonel, who, on hearing the beginning of the man's supplication, halted, and, in doing so, turned half around, with his face in the bright light of the full moon, and in such a position that every feature was plain to my view.

I never listened to such a prayer, so contrite, so earnest and fervent, and so full of inspiration. We had involuntarily taken off our hats as though we were in a sacred presence. I never can forget my feelings on that occasion. Neither can I describe them, and yet the Colonel was more deeply affected than I was. As he stood there I could see the tears falling fast from his face, while his bosom swelled with the fullness of his emotions. And for some time after the man had arisen from his knees and walked away towards his encampment, the Colonel sobbed like a child and could not trust himself to utter a word. When, finally, he did get control of his feelings, his first words were, "I am satisfied; your people are solemnly and terribly in earnest."

About a week from the time of the Colonel's arrival at Council Point, he asked me to accompany him to the camps out on the bluffs, as he desired greatly to see President Brigham Young. I complied with his request, and, after procuring a horse and saddle apiece, we started on our visit.

About half-way out we came upon Brother Orson Pratt's encampment by the side of the road, where he had halted to noon. I introduced the Colonel to Brother Pratt, who was so favorably impressed with his new acquaintance, that he returned to the bluffs with us, to "Brigham's Camp," as it was called.

The Colonel was there introduced to President Young and five others of the Twelve. The interview was of the most pleasant nature, so much so that the Colonel talked of nothing else during our ride of ten miles back to Council Point.

The Battalion was organized and mustered into service, soon after which we received the order to march, at which time I took my leave of one of the most pleasant men it has ever been my lot to meet. In parting, with tears in his eyes, he besought me to remember him in my prayers.

In 1858, when our people were environed and threatened with a hostile army, I met him again, at Cedar City, February 20th, 1858, as a messenger of peace coming to our rescue. And when I wondered at his knowing me so readily, he

replied, "I would have forgotten my mother as soon." Continuing, he said: "Soon after you and I parted on the banks of the Missouri River, I was taken sick, and grew worse and worse till I gave up to die, when an old man" (Father John Smith) "came to me and laid his hands upon me, and prayed for me, and said I should live and not die, and that I should return in health and safety to my home in Philadelphia, and after that I should marry me a wife and she should bear unto me a daughter, and after that a son and other children, and that I should live to do a great work in the earth; all of which has been fulfilled to the letter, except the great work, of which I always had my doubts."

When the waves of persecution and opposition were coming up mountain high, and when in the halls of Congress there prevailed a spirit of determination to pass proscriptive, special and unconstitutional measures against the people of this Territory, I again met the Colonel, also his wife, come again on an errand of mercy, with words of encouragement and sympathy. This last time he came to us marred and scarred and maimed from the battle fields of the rebellion, but still the same heroic messenger of peace and good will.

The signs of the times whisper, "We may soon see him, or some more powerful messenger, come again to our rescue."

## REVIEW OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

BY G. G.

(Continued from page 58.)

HAVING purchased in Liverpool, before leaving England, a few boxes of steel pens, some black lead pencils, cheap pocket books, etc., I was prompted to take them around from house to house and offer them for sale. In this way, I was not only enabled to keep up family expenses, but gradually replenish my stock. The Lord blessed me wonderfully in my labors; but my prosperity and consequent pleasure was not unmixed with sorrow. In February, another of our children took sick and died.

A short time before our arrival, Jedediah M. Grant had been sent from the First Presidency, in Salt Lake City, to wake up the Saints in St. Louis and other places, and gather them home to Zion, in the valleys of the mountains.

The spirit infused by him inspired the local Elders, and the burden of the preaching at most of the meetings after he left, was for all the Saints who possibly could to so shape their affairs as to leave for the mountains the coming season.

I imbibed the same spirit, and had the fullest assurance that myself and family would be among the number. One of the local officers of the ward in which we lived, by the name of William Nixon, was a merchant on Broadway, and, knowing my mode of living, said if I would obtain a basket he would credit me with a larger assortment of articles to carry around than I then had. I accepted his kind offer and derived great benefit from it in my business.

One of the greatest lessons I learned while passing through this experience was, that the possession and enjoyment of the Spirit of God inspires cheerfulness and contentment irrespective of adverse circumstances: for I was happy and buoyant in spirit and never felt poor, although, to all human appearance, we were miserably destitute of every earthly comfort. By being rich in faith in God and His promises,

none of these things ever caused us either to murmur or think our lot was hard.

Early in March, my capital stock had gradually increased, and I was enabled to spare occasionally fifty cents in cash towards paying our emigration across the plains, which I deposited with my wife for safe keeping.

I never doubted for a moment but that the Lord would open up our way by the time the emigrating season commenced to move forward towards the home of the Saints. To this fact I occasionally testified at our ward meetings, when, humanly speaking, we were the least likely to go off any in the ward. Our capital stock, consisted of only a few dollars worth of articles in a basket; besides we numbered seven in family and it was then within three months of the starting time. But by the combination of faith, works and the blessings of the Lord, the grand result was accomplished.

There was a prospect for a large emigration to the California gold mines that year. Many were waiting only for the Missouri River to get sufficiently clear of ice to make travel on it safe, before taking steamer for Council Bluffs, the outfitting place and starting point for the journey across the plains. Brother Nixon strongly urged me to lay out my accumulated capital, which amounted to only a few dollars, in such articles as travelers about to cross the plains would be sure to require, and start early for Council Bluffs. Accordingly, towards the end of April, I secured a passage on the same boat that brought us from New Orleans in December. I had previously made an exchange with a merchant, of some bed furniture for over forty thousand needles, and, after making some other purchases, I had just six dollars in cash left. A few minutes before the boat started I rushed ashore and invested this amount in part of a sack of peanuts, and, swinging it over my shoulder, I hurried on board the boat just as the planks were about to be hauled in preparatory to a start.

We had been cabin passengers from New Orleans to St. Louis, and the captain had been very kind to my family; but upon this trip, from St. Louis to Bluff City, we went as steerage passengers. The captain, however, kindly granted us the privilege of visiting the deck and cabin as much as we desired. This proved a great blessing, for, as soon as we fairly started, we furnished one of our children with some peanuts and a glass measure to visit the cabin passengers. The child quickly disposed of our six dollars' worth, leaving a net profit of more than was required to pay the fare for all our family up the river.

The deck and cabin floor of a steamer are kept scrupulously clean, and strewing peanut shells over them, and the cracking of them under his feet day after day, were calculated to try the captain's feelings and temper; but not until our stock was about sold, did he feel to curse the peanut business.

We landed all safe in Bluff City, which was filled with emigrants bound for the California gold mines and Saints bound for Salt Lake City. It was the most busy emigrating season ever known, and Council Bluffs was a busy place. All kinds of trade were going on, and outfitters making purchases of everything they thought would be needed for an overland journey of nearly two thousand miles.

To make the most of the situation with a view of securing our own outfit, we rigged up two of our children with a supply of needles and a few other articles, with instructions to call at every house, and sell needles at the rate of three papers for twenty-five cents. While they were going through

one street, I visited another, and at the close of each day, we deposited the amount of our sales with my wife. Nearly every family in Bluff City bought needles of us, which formed the chief basis of our capital for the purchase of our oxen, wagon, etc. The sale of goggles also was a great help to us. We sold a large quantity; almost every emigrant purchased a pair. We had every reason to believe that the means deposited with my wife daily, was added to or multiplied while in her possession, for on several occasions we found a larger sum than was previously deposited, which verified the truth of the adage: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Being thus provided for, we started on our journey on the 8th of June. I enrolled in the 5th company, under the leadership of Captain Tidwell, and crossed the Missouri River with our faces Zionward.

Our outfit consisted of two yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows, a wagon, and an ample supply of provisions for our journey.

My experience in the management of cattle made it necessary for me to arrange with Brother Henry Green to drive our team across the plains. It was a very sickly season. Many died with cholera. Two of our children died of that disease and had to be buried in a very crude and insecure manner, producing the most painful and trying feelings in our experience. Thus five of our children had been left to mark our pathway from the country that gave us birth to the home of the Saints: one on the ocean, one in Memphis, one in St. Louis and two on the plains.

With our family thus diminished, we reached Salt Lake City on the 15th of September, 1852, being the day when many of our Elders, who had been called at a special conference, left upon missions to nearly all parts of the world, to publicly proclaim the doctrine of plural marriage.

We met Elder Orson Pratt on Emigration Street, or what is now known as Third South Street; we shook hands with him and blessed each other. On arriving, we were permitted to camp for a few days on Emigration Street, near the house of Samuel Brighurst, and soon exchanged our team for a house and lot in the 2nd Ward, and enjoyed for the first time in our life the pleasure of living in a house of our own. In the absence of furniture, we make our beds on the floor, and our boxes served us as chairs and table.

*(To be Continued.)*

#### SUMMARY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ELDER M. F. Cowley, writing to George C. Lambert from St. Louis, Jan. 21th, says:

"We are well, and enjoying the blessings of the Lord in our labors. The clergy of St. Louis are combining with their fraternity in other places in a tirade against the Latter-day Saints. They hold a public meeting in St. Louis, I believe, next Monday, for the purpose of venting their spleen against the people of the Lord. The Woman's Suffrage Association, the Liberal League and the devil himself are all combining in the pandemonium to overthrow the truth. But all will result in good for the faithful Saints of the Most High. The people, I believe, will get more interested in the gospel, when we are so thoroughly advertised, as it appears we are likely to be in the near future."

ELDER C. J. Brain, writing from Bridgewater, Burke Co., North Carolina, says:

"Since the departure of Jas. H. Moyle, I have been assiduously engaged in preaching glad tidings of great joy to the people in this vicinity, whenever an opportunity has presented itself. I am also trying to do good by visiting from house to house, and teaching the people those things, which, if properly complied with, are able to make them wise unto salvation; but some are very negligent and indifferent with regard to embracing the truth after they have become satisfied of its divinity.

"The people have been taught to believe that it takes a learned reverend to lead them in the paths of rectitude and right; but a great many have come to the conclusion that the world, with all its boasted wisdom and knowledge, can never find out God.

"They see the advancement in the scale of intelligence that has been achieved, and express their astonishment that religious intelligence has receded and become a subject of but little interest, except to a few, who represent the Scribes and Pharisees.

"Man, by his wisdom, can travel above, or under ground with comparative safety, encircle the globe in a few weeks, soar amid the clouds, descend into the depths of mother earth and analyze the minerals with the greatest ease and precision, or discern amid the heavens the works of an all-wise and eternal God; but every attempt to find out God and His mind and will concerning the human family without the aid of inspiration, has resulted in a complete failure; and until modern Christendom will accept a common-sense, Bible religion they never will obtain a knowledge of God. Hence, when the Savior descends with the mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, there will be 'weeping and wailing' among the new-revelation deniers of the nineteenth century, who are trying to find out God by their boasted intelligence.

"The people here are very hospitable and kind. The spirit of investigation is increasing among them, and a great many are striving to learn the way of truth. We have enough opposition to make our labors pleasant and agreeable."

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#### I WILL TRY.

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THERE is a society in London known as the "Society of Arts." Its object is the encouragement of talent in the department of art. Prizes are awarded by the Society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, etc.

More than a half century ago, a little fellow, named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of painting at the Society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked William.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls of the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"O mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother. "You can but try."

"And I will try, mother, dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. He behaved insolently before the King at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then dispatched by the King's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the king and the noblemen used to dress; and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and workmen to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned which sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination the persons present at the scene—the king and his attendants, Walworth, the mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper, and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But after many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in pictures arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including some ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was, when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical picture was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled, "The Death of Wat Tyler."

When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the Duke's chair, and he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the queen, having risen to fortune and fame, by carrying out with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother of "I will try."

PROMISE cautiously; but when you have promised, fulfil sy upulously.

## FAULT-FINDING.

BY J. C.

THERE is no means used by the adversary of righteousness, with greater effect to destroy peace and confidence, than that of stirring up people to watch and scrutinize the failings of human nature. As long as people will allow themselves to be governed by this feeling, they will have all the work they are able to attend to, and more too.

By the purpose and decree of heaven, it became imperative at the first, and it still remains so, that man should taste the bitter and the sweet, and know the good and the evil; and our agency and nature are such that we can foster or restrain the one or the other to the ends that will either justify or condemn us.

The enemy understands this, and he also knows that if he can influence man to trump the failings of his fellows and hold them forth to scrutiny and ridicule, he has gained a very potent weapon with which to sever and destroy love, peace and confidence.

But, aside from this aspect of the matter, man has but a slim pretext for the pursuit of the evil in question. If those who make it a specialty to be always on the alert for faults, were blameless themselves, then they might, with some grace, put themselves forward as judges and critics; but the fact that all are fallible, and more or less imperfect, renders it obvious that no one can consistently or conscientiously malign the common weaknesses of humanity.

There is plenty of profitable, legitimate work for all to do in this world, without resorting to abuse and scandal; and, although people listen to the tale-bearer, it is often a painful task to do so. Although some may not have the moral stamina to rebuke such persons, they seldom fail to condemn them in their hearts as wicked and hurtful. People will say of such: "Well, he is always finding fault with somebody; no doubt he draws me over the coals, too, at times;" and thus they become fit subjects for public censure and scorn.

If the time wasted in fault-finding were devoted to the more charitable work of looking at, and speaking of, the good qualities of people, a great many good things could be ascertained concerning them, and a far better spirit produced.

There is no surer sign of the lack of the spirit of God in a person, than to hear him always trying to blacken the character of somebody, and no one having that charity which the gospel bestows, will sanction or tolerate such a spirit.

One is doing extra well if he minds his own business and properly attends to his own affairs. If some can do more than this, let them aim to do it to profit somebody or something, for certain it is that society does not require their assistance in finding fault. There are altogether too many in the business already. It is strange that this should be so, seeing that it is one of the very worst paying businesses; but, when we consider that there are some who are always unwise under the very best teaching, it must be to this class that they belong.

It would be vastly better for all, if, instead of finding fault too much, we would kindly cover up the little flaws of each other with charity's comforting mantle, and weekly advise rather than cruelly expose.

To judge ourselves is our duty, but to judge our brother is our sin.

## Chapter for the Little Ones,

### MY GOOD DOG.

I used to have a black shep-herd dog when I was once tak-ing care of a flock of sheep. He was a good dog, and would do ev-er-y thing I told him. Shep-herd dogs have a great deal of sense, and they can oft-en tell when their mas-ters are an-gry or pleased with them.

My dog would help me take care of the sheep by day and night. He would run af-ter them as oft-en as I bid him, ev-en if he was tired and foot-sore. I could lay meat down on the ground when he was hun-gry and it would re-main there day and night, and he would not touch it un-less I tol-l bim. When I got up in the morn-ing he would bark and jump up by my side and make a great a-do. This was as much as to say, "Good morn-ing, my dear be-loved mas-ter! I am so glad to see you!" Some-times he would do things wrong, which would cause me to speak sharp-ly to him. Then he would crawl on the ground till he got to my feet, when I would some-times say, "you mean dog! you ought to be a-shamed of your-self!" Then he would lay his head down on the ground and wag his tail, as if to say, "O, do for-give me! I am so sor-y! I won't do so an-y more!"

I would then say, "That will do!" and he would jump up and run all a-round me and lick my hands to show that he was glad that I for-gave him.

There was a man who herd-ed with me, but this dog did not act to-wards him as he did to-wards me; nor would he mind him.

Do you want to know why? It was be-cause he did not love him.

Do you ask why he did not love him? It was be-cause this man had whipped him, and did not treat him kind-ly.

Do you ask why this dog al-ways seemed pleased to see me and mind-ed me so well? It was be-cause he loved me. Do you wish to learn why he loved me? It was be-cause I was kind to him and showed by my ac-tions that I was his friend.

An-i-mals can-not speak, but they oft-en show by their ac-tions that they can some-times tell a good per-son from a mean one, and an an-gry per-son from one that is pleased. They have more sense than we some-times think they have.

If we wish a man or wo-man, boy or girl, horse or cow, sheep or goat, dog or cat, or an-y-thing else to love us, we must show by our acts of kind-ness that we are friend-ly and good, and wish to do good to oth-ers.

B.

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### LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

GEORGE'S CAMP, JONES CO., MISS.

February 24, 1882.

*Readers of the Instructor:*

DEAR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—

The INSTRUCTOR is one of the most welcome visitors in this far off State; because it comes from those we love, thus making it seem like meeting an old friend, for I, too, have been a reader of its instructive pages since I was a little boy.

This time I will tell you about some of the products of this State. By this I mean what the people raise by cultivating the soil, and also what is obtained from the forests.

Cotton, corn, oats, rice, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, melons, garden vegetables and a very little fruit are produced. Of what the forests produce, I will write at some future time. The State of Mississippi excels any other State in the Union in the amount of cotton produced; so you can easily understand that it is the principal product, and, I am sorry to say for the people of Mississippi, that cotton is the only thing of which they raise all they want for their own use.

Have you ever seen the picture of a cotton field. If you have not, here is one that will afford you some idea of how the cotton looks when ready to pick, as well as the manner of baling it. This is a picture of a time when the negroes were slaves and had to do the work; but since the war between the North and the South, when the slaves were made free, the most of the white people have had to cultivate their own land.

What would you think to see the men and women, boys and girls of Utah all out in the field together, at work? How strange it would seem! Yet that is the way many of the people work here (whites as well as blacks), and in the fall of the year, little boys and girls like yourselves can be seen out in the fields, picking cotton. Perhaps you may think, "What has become of all the negroes?"

A great many of them are here yet, but they are free and work for themselves, unless some one hires them. Some of them have sought other ways and places of making a living besides staying here and raising cotton.

"Now tell us about sweet potatoes." Certainly; they grow in the ground the same as Irish potatoes, yet often much larger and better. When baked, the nearest thing that I can compare them to is real good baked squash, though they are much better than that.

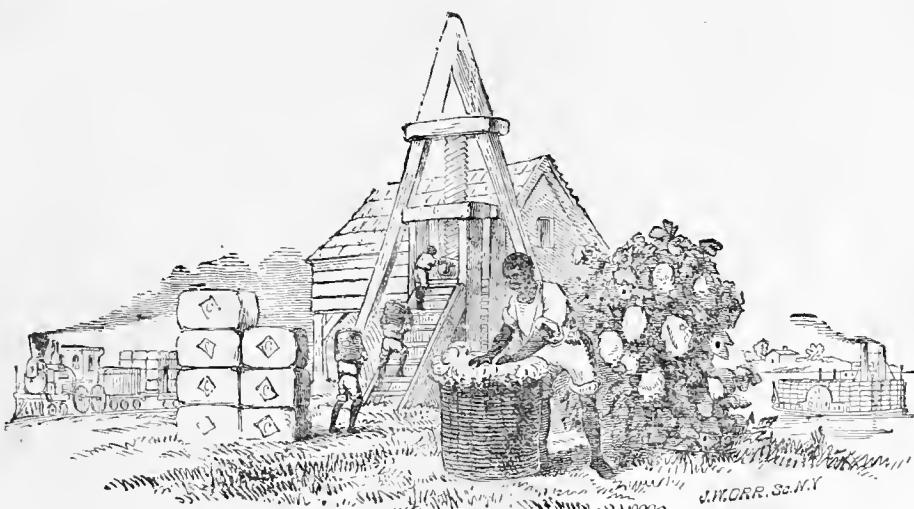
There are a few fruit trees here, but they seldom bear fruit, because the winters are so warm the buds open too early and the frost catches them. The peach trees are now in full bloom. When the trees here do bear fruit, it has not that delicious flavor for which the fruit of Utah is noted.

How thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for guiding our parents to the valleys of the mountains, where we can serve God according to the dictates of our consciences, and for blessing the land so that we can produce almost everything that is necessary to make us happy and comfortable.

That God will bless everyone of us with a desire to build up Zion is the prayer of

Your brother in the gospel,  
A. D. M.

A BLACK cloud makes the traveler mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fine day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that steals away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my hermitage.—*Dr. Lucas.*



PICKING AND BAILING COTTON.

**DIALOGUE,**  
*Between a Mother and her Little Child.*

BY J. A. L.

CHILD.—Mother, why cannot we see God just as we see each other?

MOTHER.—Because He is holy and without sin, and we are simple and not in a condition to see Him.

C.—Can't the Lord talk as we talk to one another?

M.—Yes; the Bible tells us about a talk He had with Father Adam in the Garden of Eden; and He once talked with a boy named Samuel.

C.—Please tell me more about that, mother. If he talked with Samuel, why not with me and other children?

M.—Samuel was dedicated to the Lord from his birth, and he did right, and the Lord loved him.

C.—What will the Lord look like, mother, when we see Him.

M.—He will look like a man, my child, He was once in a low condition like us, but has become pure and holy, and is high above us.

C.—Yes, I remember, now, that you read to me the other day in the Bible where it said that God created man in His own image.

M.—If we are like God, must He not have a body and feet, hands and a face like us?

C.—Yes, mother, I should think so.

M.—Yes, my child, if we keep

His commandments we shall become like Him, pure and holy, and then we can go where He is.

C.—Shall we not be happy, very happy there, mother?

M.—Yes, for there will be no pain, nor sorrow, nor anything to hurt us.

C.—Mother, did not our little Freddy go to heaven when he died?

M.—Yes, for the Lord has said that little children are pure in His sight. Can you not repeat what Jesus said about little children when He was on the earth?

C.—Yes, mother, I remember that He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PAIN itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which I believe few enjoyments exceed.—*Paley.*

## THE CHILDREN'S SONG-PRAYER.

BY E. STEPHENS.

*Andante.*

Kind and Heav'nly Father, from Thy ho - ly dwelling See Thy lit - le chil - dren singing praise to Thee .

Hear our lit - le voic - es of Thy goodness telling, Let our many fol - lies all forgiven be.

CHORUS.

Smile in love up - on us; shed Thy Spir - it on us; Tune our youthful voices to Thy praise,

Till the song we're singing, to the heaven ringing, Mingles with Thy ho - ly angels' lays.

Father, we will praise Thee for Thy many blessings.  
Which we are receiving from Thy bounteous hand;  
For the peaceful vales which we are now possessing,  
And the streams of water flowing through the land.

Bless the faithful leaders who are placed above us,  
As they kindly teach us here to do Thy will;  
Bless our friends and parents who so dearly love us—  
Help us all our duties rightly to fulfill.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 3 is GEORGE Q. CANNON. We have received correct solutions from Jane Bowen, Herriman; Alma D. Silcock, Riverton; William L. Walters, Wellsville; Silas D. Rawson, Harrisville; Rosa C. Bowring, Jno. F. Bowring, Louie Wixom, Brigham City; Mary E. Kirk, Tooele; Jane Faux, Moroni; Ida C. Wulffenstein, St. George; R. B. Pate, Union; Sarah E. Justesen, Spring City; Mary Withers, West Jordan; Byron H. Allred, Myra L. Allred, Garden City; Anna Peterson, Christine Peterson, Henry Peterson, Huntsville; Wm. Brewer, Hemmerville; Emily Newman, Annie Newman, Jennie Smith, John V. Bluth, Ogden; Mary A. Christensen, Ephraim; Charlotte Smith, Mant; Emma M. Holt, Mary E. Holt, South Jordan; Matilda Weeks, Fountain Green; Hannah Hansen, Fillmore; Aggie Lewis, Spanish Fork; Richard Dye, Riverdale; Joseph S. Porter, Porterville; T. E. King, Farmington; Fannie Merrill, Annie Merrill, Clara Merrill, Alice E. Jackson, Maggie E. Harmon, Alice McLachlan, Tacy Conrad, John W. Saunders, J. M. Thomas, B. J. Beer, Salt Lake City.

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